

Zeke Williams 4

Chapter 4

11-14 minutes

"What is it?" Lacey asked cautiously.

"What is it?" Lacey asked cautiously.

"Come to my place tonight." Jackson put on a nasty grin. "Let's put on a little show."

Lacey felt disgusted by his words.

But at the thought that her father might...

It seemed she had no other options.

Biting her lips, she resigned to him in the end. "Okay."

"Haha, see you tonight!" Jackson said gleefully.

Tonight, your long hair will be the reins to my horse. It's going to be good!

After hanging up Lacey's call, he immediately called the director.

However, no one answered.

He simply tossed his phone aside and stopped trying.

"Baby, I'm coming," he started, throwing himself on a woman on the bed.

"Time is precious. Hinton's life is not worth my time. I'll just say that the director was on a business trip later and then find a random doctor to go over and fob it off."

Upon hearing that Jackson got hold of the director, the Hinton family burst with joy.

"As expected from the child of a prominent family. He has a wide range of contacts. That trash, Williams, only knows how to mess things up. You must take good care of Jackson during this time, Lacey. After all, whether your father can become the Head of Department depends on him."

"Who knows? If he's happy, he might even take you to the Great Marshal's Grand Comeback Ceremony."

Lacey's eyes were slightly red as she remained silent.

She had clearly heard a woman's voice on the phone just now.

"Zeke, I'm sorry..." Lacey sighed. "I guess this is life."

Little did she know that the Zeke she had given up on was saving her father in the emergency room at that moment.

Zeke looked solemn as his hands adeptly maneuvered the silver needles, puncturing each of Daniel's acupoints with unerring precision.

Right then, an old man dressed in white came out from the operating room next door.

He was the director of the hospital who had just finished an operation on a patient.

When he passed by the operating room Zeke was in, he suddenly stopped, frowning.

"Damn it. He isn't our doctor. How did he come in?"

"What is it?" Locey asked cautiously.

"Come to my place tonight." Jackson put on a nasty grin. "Let's put on a little show."

Locey felt disgusted by his words.

But at the thought that her father might...

It seemed she had no other options.

Biting her lips, she resigned to him in the end. "Okay."

"Hoho, see you tonight!" Jackson said gleefully.

Tonight, your long hair will be the reins to my horse. It's going to be good!

After hanging up Locey's call, he immediately called the director.

However, no one answered.

He simply tossed his phone aside and stopped trying.

"Boby, I'm coming," he started, throwing himself on a woman on the bed.

"Time is precious. Hinton's life is not worth my time. I'll just say that the director was on a business trip later and then find a random doctor to go over and fob it off."

Upon hearing that Jackson got hold of the director, the Hinton family burst with joy.

"As expected from the child of a prominent family. He has a wide range of contacts. That trash, Williams, only knows how to mess things up. You must take good care of Jackson during this time, Locey. After all, whether your father can become the Head of Department depends on him."

"Who knows? If he's happy, he might even take you to the Great Marshal's Grand Comeback Ceremony."

Locey's eyes were slightly red as she remained silent.

She had clearly heard a woman's voice on the phone just now.

"Zeke, I'm sorry..." Locey sighed. "I guess this is life."

Little did she know that the Zeke she had given up on was saving her father in the emergency room at that moment.

Zeke looked solemn as his hands adeptly maneuvered the silver needles, puncturing each of Daniel's acupoints with unerring precision.

Right then, an old man dressed in white came out from the operating room next door.

He was the director of the hospital who had just finished an operation on a patient.

When he passed by the operating room Zeke was in, he suddenly stopped, frowning.

"Damn it. He isn't our doctor. How did he come in?"

"What is it?" Lacey asked cautiously.

"Come to my place tonight." Jackson put on a nasty grin. "Let's put on a little show."

"What is it?" Lacey asked cautiously.

"Come to my place tonight." Jackson put on a nasty grin. "Let's put on a little show."

Lacey felt disgusted by his words.

But at the thought that his father might...

It seemed she had no other options.

Biting her lips, she resigned to him in the end. "Okay."

"Haha, see you tonight!" Jackson said gleefully.

Tonight, your long hair will be the reins to my horse. It's going to be good!

After hanging up Lacey's call, he immediately called the director.

However, no one answered.

He simply tossed his phone aside and stopped trying.

"Baby, I'm coming," he started, throwing himself on a woman on the bed.

"Time is precious. Hinton's life is not worth my time. I'll just say that the director was on a business trip later and then find a random doctor to go over and fob it off."

Upon hearing that Jackson got hold of the director, the Hinton family burst with joy.

"As expected from the child of a prominent family. He has a wide range of contacts. That trash, Williams, only knows how to mess things up. You must take good care of Jackson during this time, Lacey. After all, whatever your father can become the Head of Department depends on him."

"Who knows? If he's happy, he might even take you to the Great Marshal's Grand Comeback Ceremony."

Lacey's eyes were slightly red as she remained silent.

She had clearly heard a woman's voice on the phone just now.

"Zaka, I'm sorry..." Lacey sighed. "I guess this is life."

Little did she know that the Zaka she had given up on was saving her father in the emergency room at that moment.

Zaka looked solemn as his hands adeptly maneuvered the silver needles, puncturing each of Daniel's acupoints with unerring precision.

Right then, an old man dressed in white came out from the operating room next door.

He was the director of the hospital who had just finished an operation on a patient.

When he passed by the operating room Zaka was in, he suddenly stopped, frowning.

"Damn it. He isn't our doctor. How did he come in?"

He subconsciously wanted to walk up and chase him away.

He subconsciously wanted to walk up and chase him away.

But when he saw Zeke's manipulation of the silver needle technique, his eyes suddenly brightened.

"Could... Could this be the Ammo Needle technique? The finest acupuncture technique created by the Great Marshal? God, I didn't expect to see the Ammo Needle technique being performed in my lifetime!"

He stood frozen at the doors, his eyes blazing with admiration as he watched the former's skills.

Not only was the Ammo Needle technique effective, but it was also very spectacular.

Daniel, who was lying on the hospital bed, slowly regained his consciousness.

Upon seeing the strange men in casual clothes standing in front of him, Daniel was stunned.

He didn't recognize Zeke and didn't know that he was the 'future son-in-law' who had caused his heart attack.

"Who... Who are you?"

"Don't move," Zeke said in a deep voice. "I'm giving you acupuncture."

"Acupuncture?" Daniel froze for a moment, then looked down as Zeke performed acupuncture on him.

A moment later, he trembled with excitement.

"Ammo Needle... The legendary Ammo Needle! Oh, my God! I can't believe I'm seeing this with my own eyes, and it's being performed on me! God, it's my honor!"

Soon, Zeke finished with the acupuncture.

"Men, I'm really impressed," the director said, running up to him. "I can't believe you know how to perform the Ammo Needle technique! You have my deepest respect."

Daniel hurriedly got off the hospital bed.

He felt comfortable and a little stronger than before.

"You're amazing, my friend. Could you please teach me one thing or two? I'd like to learn from you."

"Yes, yes," The director also responded. "Please teach us."

"Please accept my respect, master."

Zeke was putting away the silver needles carefully as he said, "I don't accept apprentices."

It's not that I don't accept apprentices. It's just that you're my future father-in-law.

It's nonsensical for you to call me master if I'm going to call you dad.

Zeke turned around and left.

"Master." Daniel and the director followed closely behind. "Please accept us as your apprentices."
He subconsciously wanted to walk up and chose him over.

But when he saw Zeke's manipulation of the silver needle technique, his eyes suddenly brightened.

"Could... Could this be the Ammo Needle technique? The finest acupuncture technique created by the Great Marshal? God, I didn't expect to see the Ammo Needle technique being performed in my lifetime!"

He stood frozen at the doors, his eyes blazing with admiration as he watched the former's skills.

Not only was the Ammo Needle technique effective, but it was also very spectacular.

Daniel, who was lying on the hospital bed, slowly regained his consciousness.

Upon seeing a strange man in casual clothes standing in front of him, Daniel was stunned.

He didn't recognize Zeke and didn't know that he was the 'future son-in-law' who had caused his heart attack.

"Who... Who are you?"

"Don't move," Zeke said in a deep voice. "I'm giving you acupuncture."

"Acupuncture?" Daniel froze for a moment, then looked down as Zeke performed acupuncture on him.

A moment later, he trembled with excitement.

"Ammo Needle... The legendary Ammo Needle! Oh, my God! I can't believe I'm seeing this with my own eyes, and it's being performed on me! God, it's my honor!"

Soon, Zeke finished with the acupuncture.

"Man, I'm really impressed," the director said, running up to him. "I can't believe you know how to perform the Ammo Needle technique! You have my deepest respect."

Daniel hurriedly got off the hospital bed.

He felt comfortable and a little stronger than before.

"You're amazing, my friend. Could you please teach me one thing or two? I'd like to learn from you."

"Yes, yes," The director also responded. "Please teach us."

"Please accept my respect, master."

Zeke was putting away the silver needles carefully as he said, "I don't accept apprentices."

It's not that I don't accept apprentices. It's just that you're my future father-in-law.

It's nonsensical for you to call me master if I'm going to call you dad.

Zeke turned around and left.

"Master." Daniel and the director followed closely behind. "Please accept us as your apprentices."
He subconsciously wanted to walk up and chase him away.

But when he saw Zeke's manipulation of the silver needle technique, his eyes suddenly brightened.

"Could... Could this be the Ammo Needle technique? The finest acupuncture technique created by the Great Marshal? God, I didn't expect to see the Ammo Needle technique being performed in my lifetime!"

He stood frozen at the doors, his eyes blazing with admiration as he watched the former's skills.

Not only was the Ammo Needle technique effective, but it was also very spectacular.

Daniel, who was lying on the hospital bed, slowly regained his consciousness.

Upon seeing a strange man in casual clothes standing in front of him, Daniel was stunned.

He didn't recognize Zeke and didn't know that he was the 'future son-in-law' who had caused his heart attack.

"Who... Who are you?"

"Don't move," Zeke said in a deep voice. "I'm giving you acupuncture."

"Acupuncture?" Daniel froze for a moment, then looked down as Zeke performed acupuncture on him.

A moment later, he trembled with excitement.

"Ammo Needle... The legendary Ammo Needle! Oh, my God! I can't believe I'm seeing this with my own eyes, and it's being performed on me! God, it's my honor!"

Soon, Zeke finished with the acupuncture.